

MARVEL

LEGACY

THE MIDNIGHT KING RETURNS TO EARTH

11



BLACK BOLT™

**AHMED
WARD**

Marvel
**AGENTS OF
S.H.I.E.L.D.**
LANDMARK 100TH EPISODE
FRIDAY, MARCH 9
9 | 8c 6bc





is the king of the Inhumans, an off-splinter of humanity imbued with amazing abilities. But these gifts sometimes come with a price: Black Bolt's slightest whisper can shatter mountains. His voice has destroyed many lives, but it has saved countless others.

When the Silent King speaks, the world hears him.

After abdicating the throne, Black Bolt spent months being tortured in an alien prison, thanks to the treachery of his brother, Maximus the Mad. He and his fellow prisoners broke free and destroyed the psychotic Jailer, losing Black Bolt's new friend Crusher Creel, A.K.A. the Absorbing Man, in the process.

Black Bolt returned to Earth, accompanied by his teleporting dog Lockjaw and the psychic alien child Blinky, to bring the news of Crusher's death to his wife, the super villain Titania. While attending Crusher's funeral, they were ambushed by Black Bolt's bloodthirsty rival, Lash. When Lash kidnapped Blinky, Black Bolt allowed himself to be taken prisoner in exchange for her freedom, but Lash betrayed him and poisoned his blood. Black Bolt and Titania broke free to fight side by side, only to find themselves facing a far greater threat:

Inside of Blinky, the Jailer has lain dormant. And now, it's taken over her body and her powers.

Writer
SALADIN AHMED

Artist
CHRISTIAN WARD

Letterer
VC's CLAYTON COWLES

Cover Artist
CHRISTIAN WARD

Design
NICK RUSSELL

Logo Design
JAY BOWEN

Associate Editor
SARAH BRUNSTAD

Editor
WIL MOSS

BLACK BOLT created by
STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY

Executive Editor
TOM BREVOORT

Editor in Chief
C.B. CEBULSKI

Chief Creative Officer
JOE QUESADA

President
DAN BUCKLEY

Executive Producer
ALAN FINE



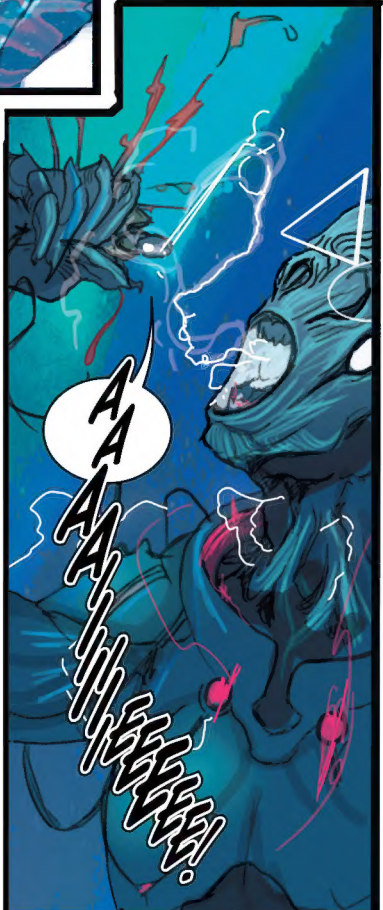
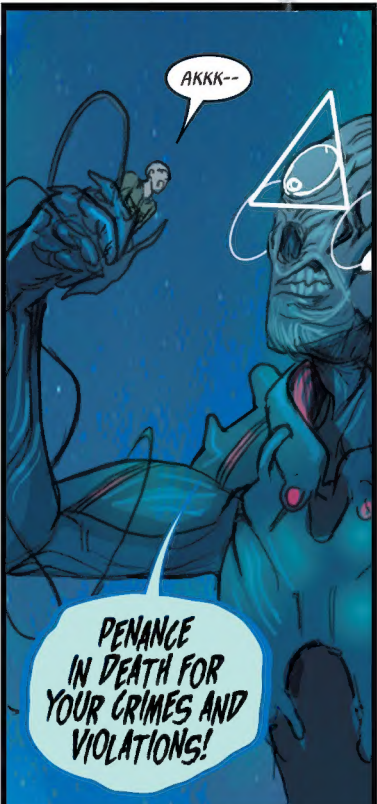
NAME YOUR
CRIMES! REPENT
YOUR CRIMES!

POISON FLOWS THROUGH BLACK BOLT'S
BLOOD, AND HIS MIND CAN HARDLY HOLD
WHAT HIS EYES ARE SEEING.



HIS YOUNG CHARGE HAS
TRANSFORMED, HER SHAPE TWISTED
INTO THAT OF THE ANCIENT FOE
WHO ONCE TORTURED THEM BOTH.

THE JAILER IS SUPPOSED TO
BE DEAD. BUT IT IS HERE. AND
IT HAS STOLEN BLINKY'S BODY.





LASH, THAT...
THAT THING JUST
KILLED **CHAINS**!
RUN!

BAH! VERY
WELL, COWARDS.
PROVE YOURSELVES
UNFIT TO HELP
LEAD OUR
PEOPLE!



WHAT TRICK
IS THIS YOU'VE
UNVEILED, LITTLE KING? AN
ILLUSION? A CONSTRUCT?
MOST IMPRESSIVE, BUT IT
WILL NOT STAND BEFORE
MY POWER.



WHA--
WHAT?



**NAME YOUR
CRIMES!**



NO.



ARRRGHHH!



**REPENT
YOUR
CRIMES!**

UGGGGGHHH



WAITAMINUTE, I RECOGNIZE THAT THING NOW--FROM BLINKY'S VISIONS. THAT'S THE MONSTER THAT KILLED CARL, ISN'T IT?!

I'M GONNA RIP YOU IN HALF, YOU ROTTEN PIECE OF @\$\$!

BLACK BOLT, TOO, IS FILLED WITH FURY LOOKING AT THE JAILER.

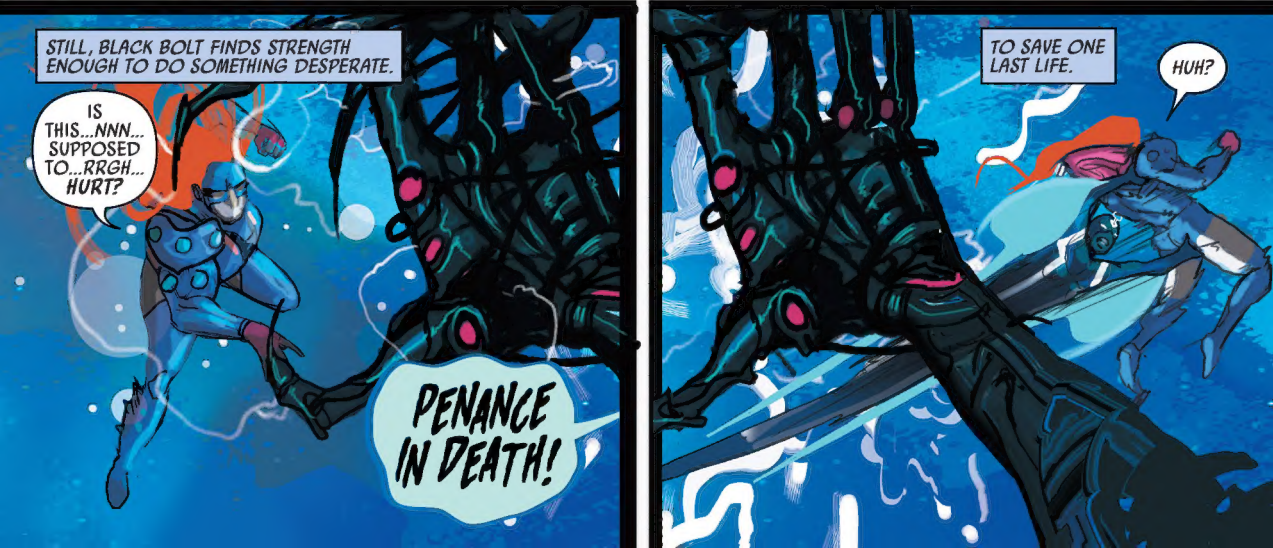
EARTH IS HIS HOME. SOMEHOW THIS FOUL THING HAS FOLLOWED HIM HERE AND CAPTURED THE ONLY PERSON LEFT WHO TRUSTS HIM.

HIS INSTINCT IS TO DESTROY THIS ABOMINATION.

BUT A BRIGHT LIFE IS BURIED WITHIN THAT MONSTROUS FORM--THE LIFE OF ONE WHO HAS BECOME AS IMPORTANT TO BLACK BOLT AS ANY ON EARTH.

HE CANNOT RISK HARMING BLINKY. BUT HE CANNOT LET HER HARM ANYONE ELSE.

HIS POWERS ARE DIMINISHED, AND POISON RACES THROUGH HIS VEINS.



STILL, BLACK BOLT FINDS STRENGTH ENOUGH TO DO SOMETHING DESPERATE.

IS THIS...NNN... SUPPOSED TO...RRGH... HURT?

PENANCE IN DEATH!

TO SAVE ONE LAST LIFE.

HUH?



WHEN HE RETURNS, THE THING THAT HAS TAKEN BLINKY'S BODY IS STILL THERE.

WAITING FOR HIM.

IT HAS NOT MOVED. IT IS WAITING.

THE BATTLE OF WILLS IS JOINED.

THE JAILER--OR WHATEVER REMNANT OF IT HAS SEIZED BLINKY'S FORM AND WARPED IT--IS POWERFUL. AND BLACK BOLT IS WEAK. THE THING BEGINS TO FEED ON HIM.

THE PETTY POISON IN BLACK BOLT'S VEINS BURNS AWAY IN THE FACE OF THIS PURER PAIN. HIS EVERY ATOM BLAZES AS THIS CREATURE THAT CAN REMAKE REALITY TRIES TO TURN HIM INTO DUST.

TOO LATE, BLACK BOLT REALIZES THAT THIS A BATTLE HE CANNOT HOPE TO WIN.





THAT'S
GREAT TO HEAR,
SISTER, BECAUSE A
SHIP IS EXACTLY
WHAT I NEED!



YOU WANNA
SCRAP AGAIN? AW,
C'MON, LADY! WE'RE
JUST TRYING TO GET OUTTA
HERE BEFORE THAT THING
KILLS US! JUST LET
US PASS.

WE DON'T
NEED TO SCRAP, PAL, BUT
I *DO* NEED TO USE THAT SHIP.
THAT THING KILLED MY HUSBAND,
AND I'M GOING TO TAKE
IT DOWN.



YOU WANT US
TO GO *BACK* THERE,
LADY? YOU MIGHT AS WELL
KILL ME NOW THEN, 'CUZ
I'M NOT DOIN' IT.
IT'S SUICIDE.

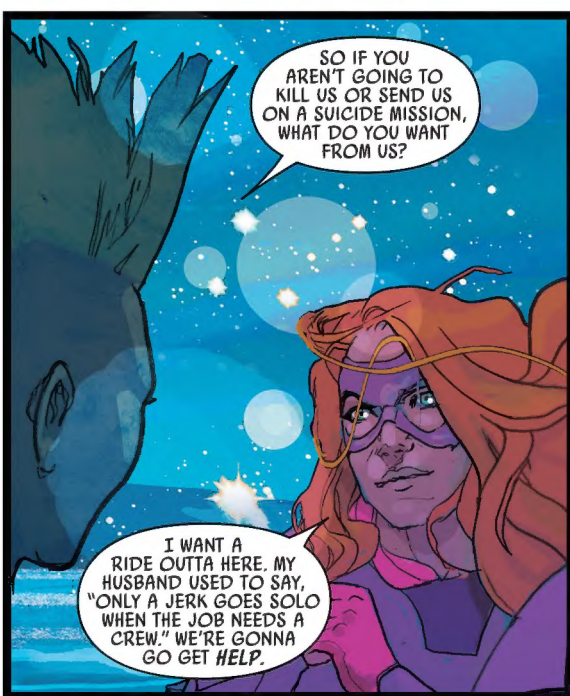
WE CAN'T
STOP THAT CREATURE.
AND NEITHER CAN YOU.
IT SNUFFED OUT LASH LIKE
A CANDLE. DO YOU HAVE ANY
IDEA HOW POWERFUL HE
HAD BECOME? PLEASE.
I DON'T WANT
TO DIE.



I'M NOT
GONNA KILL
YOU. YOU GUYS
ARE JUST
FLUNKIES.

JUST THE
TRUTH, PAL. IT'S
NOT AN INSULT.
I'VE BEEN A FLUNKY
HALF MY
LIFE.

HEY!



SO IF YOU
AREN'T GOING TO
KILL US OR SEND US
ON A SUICIDE MISSION,
WHAT DO YOU WANT
FROM US?

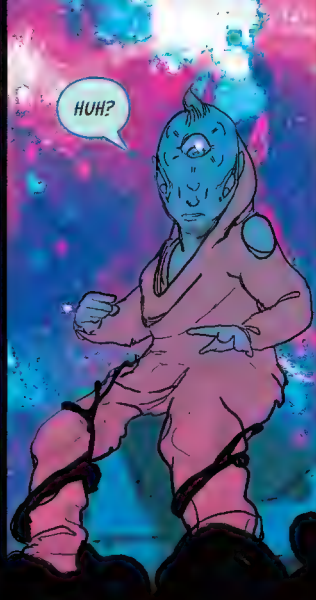
I WANT A
RIDE OUTTA HERE. MY
HUSBAND USED TO SAY,
"ONLY A JERK GOES SOLO
WHEN THE JOB NEEDS A
CREW." WE'RE GONNA
GO GET *HELP*.



HELLO?



BLACK
BOLT?



HUH?



NO!



NO!



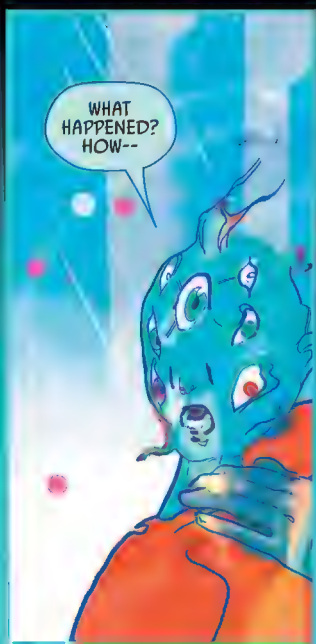
PLEASE.



NOOOOOOO!



WH-WHERE
AM I?



WHAT
HAPPENED?
HOW--



ALL RIGHT,
KID, YOU'RE
IN TROUBLE
NOW!

WHAT?
YOU?!

JUST A FEW
MORE MINUTES UNTIL
WE REACH NEW YORK. THESE
VEHICLES ARE SO FAST! THE
ENGINEERING REALLY IS
INCREDIBLE...

SO WHAT
THE HELL ARE WE
DOING HERE,
LADY?

WE NEED
HELP TAKING THAT
THING DOWN. WE'RE
GONNA PICK UP THE
WRECKING CREW
AND THEN--

YOU KEEP
SAYING "WE," AND
I'M GETTING TIRED
OF--

HUH?

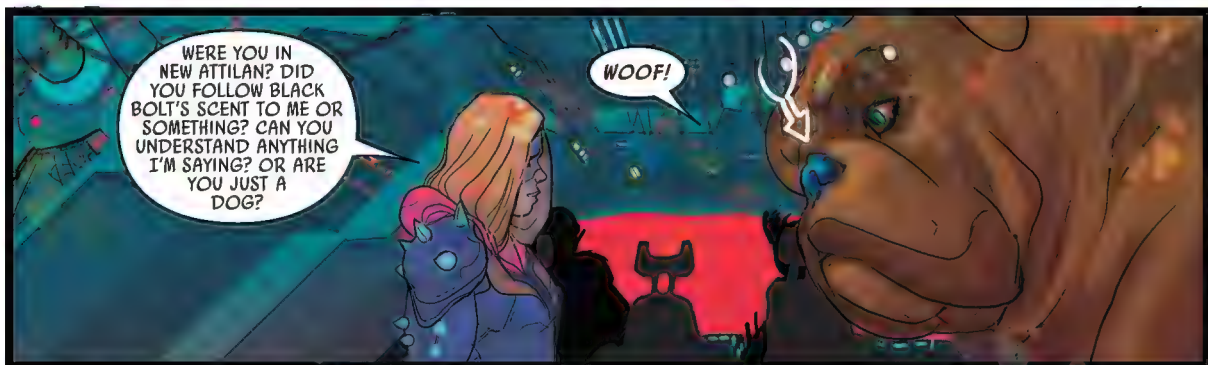
WHAT
THE--

FWAAAA

AAUM

LOCKJAW!

GREAT. THE
TELEPORTING
DOG. THIS @%#\$
DAY, I'LL TELL
YA...





HELLO,
BLINKY.

GOD, YOU
REALLY LET HIM
CALL YOU THAT? IT'S
NOT YOUR ACTUAL
NAME, IS IT?

BLACK
BOLT'S SON!
YOUR NAME'S
AHURA,
RIGHT?

"BLACK
BOLT'S SON." THAT'S
GREAT. I GUESS THAT'LL
BE ME MY WHOLE
DAMN LIFE.

BUT FORGET
MY DAD, HOW IN THE
HELL--AND *WHY* IN THE
HELL--DID YOU BRING MY ASTRAL
FORM HERE? YOU MUST BE A
PRETTY POWERFUL PSYCHIC.
BUT I DON'T APPRECIATE
BEING ABDUCTED,
KID.

"KID"?! DO
YOU EVEN SHAVE
YET?

YES, I SHAVE!
AREN'T YOU AN ALIEN?
HOW DO YOU EVEN KNOW
TO ASK THAT? *WHY* ARE
WE TALKING ABOUT
THIS?

AHURA, I DIDN'T
BRING YOU HERE. I
DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE
HERE IS. I GUESS MY SPIRIT
IS HERE? THANK THE LADY.
I DON'T WANT TO FEEL
WHAT MY BODY IS
DOING.

LOOK, KID--
BLINKY--WHEN
WE MET, I WAS A JERK TO
YOU. I'M SORRY. YOU DIDN'T
DESERVE THAT. IT'S JUST THAT
MY FATHER IS...HE AND
I...WELL, IT'S HARD
TO EXPLAIN.

AHURA, BLACK
BOLT IS DYING. THE
JAILER...THE BEING THAT
IMPRISONED US...IT'S
USING *MY* BODY--MY
POWERS--TO KILL
YOUR FATHER. TO
FEED ON HIM.

BUT
BLACK BOLT
IS *FIGHTING*.
I...I THINK THAT'S
WHY YOUR SPIRIT
IS HERE.

MY ASTRAL
FORM. THERE'S
NO SUCH THING
AS SPIRITS.

WHATEVER
YOU CALL IT, I THINK
YOUR *FATHER* CALLED
YOU HERE.

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.
MY FATHER IS INCAPABLE
OF ASKING FOR HELP. AND
I DON'T MEAN BECAUSE
OF HIS VOICE.



WELL, I THINK
BLACK BOLT CALLED
YOU HERE TO HELP, EVEN IF
HE DIDN'T MEAN TO. SOMEHOW,
THROUGH THE JAILER'S CONTROL,
HE'S MANAGED TO CALL *ME*
HERE, TOO. HE *NEEDS*
US, AHURA.



DO YOU
KNOW HOW OFTEN
I NEEDED *HIM*? WAS
HE EVER THERE? DID
HE EVER THINK
ABOUT *ME*?



HE DID.
THE PLACE WE WERE
IMPRISONED--WE ALL *SAW*
EACH OTHER. LEARNED WHAT
WAS *IMPORTANT* TO
EACH OTHER.

YOUR DAD
MESSED UP A LOT
OF THINGS, AHURA, BUT
HE THOUGHT ABOUT YOU
ALL THE TIME. ABOUT
HOW HE WANTED TO
MAKE IT RIGHT IF
HE GOT OUT.



BUT NOW
HE'S GOING
TO DIE WITHOUT
GETTING THE
CHANCE.



NO, HE'S
NOT. NOT IF I CAN
HELP IT.



BLACK BOLT STRUGGLES AGAINST THIS UNSTOPPABLE ENEMY, BUT HE FEELS HIMSELF CRUMBLING.



THE JAILER IS TOO POWERFUL, AND BLACK BOLT HAS NO STRENGTH LEFT. HE FEELS HIMSELF DYING.

HE ALMOST WELCOMES IT.

BUT THEN, WITHIN HIM, HE FEELS SOMETHING ELSE ENTIRELY...

HE HAS CALLED THEM TO HIS AID WITHOUT MEANING TO. THEY ARE HIS CHILDREN. HE SHOULD BE SAVING THEM.



BUT THEY HAVE COME TO FIGHT FOR HIM, EVEN THOUGH HE HAS FAILED THEM. HIS FAMILY.

FOR THEM--WITH THEM--BLACK BOLT KEEPS FIGHTING.





RUN!

THAT'S THE THING THAT HELD YOU AND MY FATHER PRISONER? NO WONDER HE CAME BACK SO MESSED UP! HOW COME YOU'RE OKAY, THOUGH?

I'M NOT OKAY. THAT THING HAS CONTROL OF MY BODY. IT'S...ABSORBED ME. I WANT ME BACK!

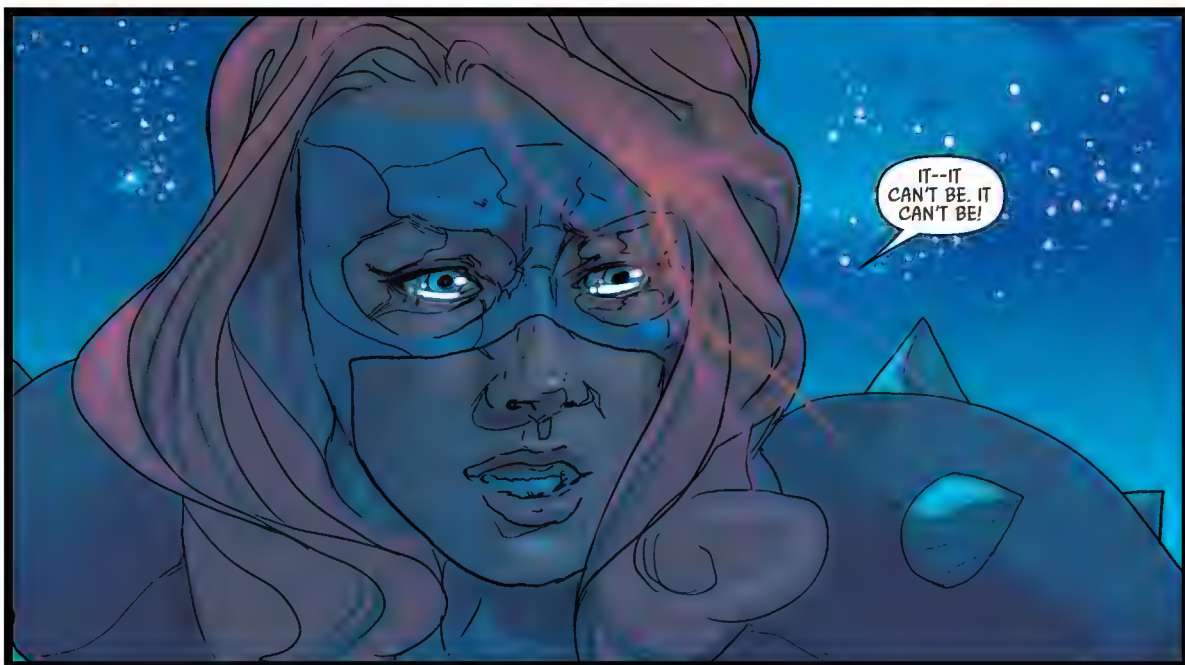
WHICH WAY NOW?

I...I DON'T KNOW. THIS ISN'T THE PHYSICAL WORLD. I DON'T KNOW IF THERE IS A RIGHT WAY. AT LEAST WE SEEM TO HAVE LOST--

OH, NO.

S

AAAAA





THIS WAY!

THESE HALLWAYS LOOK FAMILIAR-- THE STYLE IS--



SOMEONE'S BEING HURT!

THAT IS A CHILD'S VOICE.

IT MUST BE *THE JAILER*. HE'S HURTING PEOPLE AGAIN!

NO, NO, IT'S NOT. I KNOW THIS PLACE FROM ART AND STORIES...



IT'S OLD ATILAN!

WELL, THESE FIGURES AREN'T IDEAL. BUT THE SUBJECT IS RESPONDING TO NIGHTMARE INDUCTION REMARKABLY WELL, WOULDN'T YOU SAY, MY DEAR?

AGON, HE'S OUR SON! THESE TESTS...

THE SOUNDPROOFING IS BARELY ABLE TO CONTAIN HIS CRIES, RYNDIA! HE MUST LEARN DISCIPLINE. RESTRAINT. DON'T LET YOUR WOMANISH HEART INTERFERE WITH YOUR SCIENTIFIC MIND!

I... I GUESS THEY CAN'T SEE US. BUT THEY'RE TORTURING THAT LITTLE BOY! THEY MUST BE AGENTS OF THE JAILER THAT SOMEHOW--

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. THIS IS *AGON*, KING OF OLD ATILAN, WHO DIED BEFORE I WAS BORN. MY *GRANDFATHER*. WHICH MEANS THAT THE CHILD IS...

"...MY
FATHER."





OH, MY
GOD.

C-CARL?!

IT'S ME,
BABY! I'M
HOME!

NOW
WHAT'D I
MISS?

TO BE CONCLUDED!

NEXT MONTH:
DON'T MISS THE STUNNING CONCLUSION!

BLACK BOLT

#12



• Tour •
THE SEVEN SEAS

With

**BLACK MANTA
EMPIRE**



Call 555-FISH